“BOBBY’S BRAIN”
A Comedy In One Act
By Bruce Kane

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TIME: Now

SETTING: Two chairs on either side of a table holding a computer and a printer.

CHARACTERS:
BOBBY: mid to late twenties, nice looking
BRAIN: Bobby’s Brain to be exact. Well dressed, thoughtful. You might even call him cerebral.
REP: The reptilian part of Bobby's Brain. Think the Incredible Hulk
AMYGDALA: Another part of Bobby’s Brain. Think Hugh Hefner
CORT: The third part of Bobby’s Brain. Think Bill Gates.
THE GIRL: Young and pretty.
CAROL: Girl in audience
ALICE: Bobby's love.
ALICE'S REP:  The reptilian part of Alice’s brain. Mini-skirted, tough, sexy, perhaps chewing gum.
ALICE’S AMYGDALA: The amygdala section of Alice’s brain. Slinky and sophisticated.

LIGHTS UP:
(Bobby and The Girl stand facing each other. Her arms are folded. She does not look pleased. After a very long wait…)

BOBBY: What???

GIRL: (angrily) You wouldn’t understand. (turns and strides off)


(Bobby’s Brain enters)

BRAIN: You didn’t do anything.

BOBBY: You’re right about that. It’s definitely her, not me.

RAIN: No. It’s not her.

BOBBY: Oh, it’s my fault that I can’t read minds.

BRAIN: It’s nobody’s fault.

BOBBY: It’s got to be somebody’s fault.

BRAIN: If you have to blame someone or something for your… too many to count… disastrous relationships you can try evolution.

BOBBY: Evolution? What’s evolution go to do with it?

BRAIN: A great deal actually.

BOBBY: Wait a minute… Who are you?

BRAIN: Your brain.

BOBBY: My brain.

BRAIN: That’s right. Your brain.

BOBBY: Hold on… I’m discussing my love life with my brain?

BRAIN: It’s called thinking. I know it must be a new experience for you.

BOBBY: Never mind that. What’s all this stuff about evolution?
BRAIN: It's this way. Evolution is lot like this Windows computer here. *(indicates the computer sitting on the table)*. Even though you got the latest upgrade, you still have to deal with all the crap from the previous versions. It's the same with evolution.

BOBBY: You're losing me.

BRAIN: Let me show you what I mean. Fellas, you want to come out?

*(Rep lumbers in. Amygdala struts in. Cort crosses the computer and sits.)*

BOBBY: Who are these guys?

BRAIN: These guys are three very important parts of your brain.

BOBBY: You're joking.

BRAIN: *(Puts arm around Rep)* This is Rep. He is your reptilian brain. The oldest portion of the male brain and the most primitive. He has no language... No filters... Only blind instinct. He is all about survival, fear, hate, contentment and for our discussion today... lust. Basically all he wants to do... is survive... And reproduce. And he isn't particular with whom.

*(Rep suddenly spots the women in the audience. He starts grunting excitedly and pointing at them, making inappropriate gestures that indicate he is willing to reproduce with any and all of them. He even starts to go out into the audience. Bobby holds him back)*

BRAIN: *(sternly)* Rep... Rep... No... No... No... Not with her. No, not with any of them. *(Rep looks downtrodden for the moment)* At least, not yet. *(Rep perk ups at that thought as Brain turns to Amygdala)* This is Amygdala.

AMYGDALA: Hi, how ya doin?

BRAIN: He is the next step up the evolutionary ladder from Rep here.

AMYGDALA: *(cocky)* You got that right. *(talks to the ladies in the audience)* Well, hello ladies... Glad you could make it. Glad I could make it. *(to one women in audience)* Did anyone ever tell you, you have incredible... *(pause)... well, everything.

BRAIN: And much like Rep, he is also what you might call “goal oriented.” *(indicates Cort)* Now, this is Cort... our pre-frontal cortex.

BOBBY: Pre-frontal...
BRAIN: Cortex. Cort exists at the very top of the evolutionary chain. (Cort nods proudly) He provides, what you might call, the executive function in the brain.

AMYGDALA: Is he really necessary, man?

BRAIN: Yes… He differentiates among conflicting thoughts, determines good and bad… Basically, he provides social control.

AMYGDALA: Like I said. Is he really necessary?

BRAIN: Everything about every woman with whom you’ve ever had an encounter… is stored right up here (points to his own head). Or, rather right up there. (points to Bobby’s head)

AMYGDALA: (to Bobby) No wonder you have nightmares.

BRAIN: And Cort, here, has access to all of it. (to Cort) Tell our friend here what you’ve come up with.

CORT: Basically, I have created an algorithm that cross references all of the data to produce a result that eliminates ninety nine per cent of the guess work when it comes to forming a new relationship.

BOBBY: We are talking about women here, aren’t we? Isn’t it all guess work?

CORT: My method provides for a process of elimination.

AMYGDALA: (points at Bobby) With this guy? It’s nothing but a process of elimination.

BOBBY: (to Cort) Exactly, what is this Al Gore thing?

CORT: Algorithm.

BOBBY: Whatever.

CORT: My algorithm uses a rating system based on past relationships and then makes a prediction as to future compatibility, eliminating women with whom you have little or no chance.

AMYGDALA: That should really narrow the field.

CORT: Actually, it will narrow the field and help avoid any pain you might otherwise sustain including, but not limited to, psychological, physical and, especially, financial.
BRAIN: Are you ready to try it?

BOBBY: Now? Here?

BRAIN: There’s no time like the present.

BOBBY: (takes a deep breath) What have I got to lose?

AMYGDALA: Nothing, but your dignity.

BRAIN: (to Cort) Why don’t you run him up a copy of the check list.

(Cort types on the computer. The printer spits out a page. Cort hands it to Bobby)

BOBBY: This is the profile of the woman of my dreams?

CORT: No. This is the woman least likely to rip your throat out.

BRAIN: On your way. (Indicates the audience)

(Bobby, Amygdala and Rep move out into the audience. Rep gets excited by the first woman he sees)

AMYGDALA: I don’t think so.

(Rep is disappointed until he comes to the next woman and starts grunting excitedly indicating he’d very much like to reproduce with her.)

AMYGDALA: A definite… maybe. (Rep is disappointed until he comes to the next woman) Oh..Yes… Definitely in the affirmative. (Rep gets excited)

BOBBY: (to woman in the audience) Hi… What’s your name? (she gives him name, he looks at print out) Check... Occupation? (she gives him occupation, he looks at print out) Check. (Rep is getting more excited) Shoe size? (she gives him shoe size, he looks at print out) Oooooo. We were so close. (Rep starts to attack the woman anyway. Bobby pulls him off.) No… No… Bad Rep… Bad Rep…

(They move on. Rep immediately gets excited about another woman)

AMYGDALA: (rejecting her) Pass – a – deena.

(Rep gets angry)

BOBBY: (to Amygdala) You’re kidding. Why?
AMYGDALA: No spark… No music of the spheres… No bells and whistles… No fireworks.

BOBBY: That’s not a reason. That’s a description of a lousy Fourth Of July.

AMYGDALA: It’s just not happening, man.

(They move on)

BOBBY: Okay, how about this lovely creature?

(Rep gets really excited)

AMYGDALA: Ohhhhh yesssss!!!

BOBBY: Really? Well. Okay. (Rep starts grunting with excitement) Hi, I’m Bobby… What’s your name? (she gives him name, he looks at print out.) Check. And what do you do?

AMYGDALA: And will you do it with me?

(The woman tells Bobby what she does, he looks at print out)

BOBBY: Check. (Rep starts getting excited) Color eyes? (she gives him color of eyes) Darn… (to Cort) What if she wore contacts?

CORT: The color has to be natural.

AMYGDALA: Does that apply to hair color, too?

CORT: Yes.

AMYGDALA: Man, we could be here all night.

(Rep shows his frustration until he gets excited by another woman. Bobby points to her)


AMYGDALA: At this point? What the hell?

BOBBY: (to Carol) Hi… My name’s Bobby. What’s yours?

CAROL: Carol

BOBBY: (looks at list) Check. And what do you do, Carol?
CAROL: Physical trainer

AMYGDALA: Check and double check!!!

(Rep starts grunting, excitedly)

BOBBY: Shoe size?

CAROL: Six

AMYGDALA: And she’s smart, too.

BOBBY: And those beautiful eyes… What color would you say they were?

(Rep is getting very excited)

CAROL: Green.

AMYGDALA: Green is my favorite color.

(Rep is really getting excited)

BOBBY: Favorite food?

CAROL: Pasta.

BOBBY: Pasta… Perfect.

(Rep can hardly control himself.)

BOBBY: (reads from print out) Could you love a man…? Wait a minute… (To Cort) You’re kidding… You really want me to ask her this?

CORT: It could be a deal breaker.

AMYGDALA: Okay… (to Carol) Could you love a man who ate macaroni and cheese three times a day?

CAROL: Sure… Why not?

AMYGDALA: Jackpot!!! Ka-ching… Ka-ching… Ka-ching.

(Rep is grunting with pure joy)

BOBBY: It’s you… At last I’ve found you. My perfect woman.
CORT: Or, at least, the one woman in the world who won’t rip your throat out.

*(Rep goes nuts with excitement and anticipation)*

*(Bobby takes Carol’s hand, leads her up on to the stage)*

AMYGDALA: *(sings)* Imagine me and you… I do… I think about you day and night… Happy Together…

BOBBY: *(to Rep, confidentially).* I think there’s a very good chance our genes could get passed on very soon.

*(Rep gets very excited)*

*(Bobby and Carol stand looking at each other. Along the way, she’s folded her arms in front of her and stares at Bobby. After an uncomfortable wait…)*

BOBBY/REP/AMYGDALA: What???

CAROL: *(angrily)* You wouldn’t understand.

*(Carol turns and strides off. Bobby and Amygdala looked stunned.)*

REP: *(speaking perfectly)* Total bitch.

*(Bobby and Amygdala give Rep a double take)*

BOBBY: What the hell just happened here?

BRAIN: Hold on a second.

*(Brain and Cort huddle up for a moment.)*

BRAIN: It seems we fell victim to “the point nine percent syndrome.”

AMYGDALA: What the hell is “the point nine percent syndrome?”

CORT: According to the data, we had a ninety nine point one per cent chance of establishing a semi-permanent relationship with that woman.

BOBBY: Semi-permanent?

CORT: Like the rest of your relationships. One that lasts until she gets to know you.
BOBBY: You’re saying that my problem with women lies somewhere in that point nine per cent?

CORT: That seems to be it.

BOBBY: That’s crazy

CORT: I admit it’s a very narrow margin for error.

BOBBY: What’s the problem? I finally meet a woman who matches up perfectly in every category and, in no time, everything turns to crap.

CORT: I can only quantify data as it relates to your brain.

BOBBY: What are you saying?

BRAIN: He’s saying that he cannot quantify the data in the woman’s brain.

BOBBY: Why not? It’s a brain. How hard could it be?

*(Brain takes a deep breath)*

BRAIN: Sit down. Please.

BOBBY: Why?

BRAIN: Please… Sit down. This may take a while

*(Bobby sits)*

BRAIN: You have a man’s brain.

BOBBY: I know that.

CORT: One man’s brain is pretty much like every other man’s brain. Simple, direct, uncomplicated. What we want and what we need, can be written out on a cocktail napkin.

BOBBY: You’re gonna tell me that a woman’s brain is more complex… more complicated than a man’s brain. Right?

BRAIN: Well, yes. You see, Inside a woman’s brain there is an equivalent to Amygdala here and even to Rep... if you can believe it? There is even a female version of Cort, here.
(Amygdala gets the chills)

AMYGDALA: That’s a scary thought.

BOBBY: My experience tells me otherwise, but for the sake of argument I’ll accept your premise.

CORT: Her reptilian brain wants to keep the species going as much as Rep here wants to.

(Rep starts getting excited)

CORT: Her amygdala is scouting around as actively as yours.

BOBBY: So? We both have the same drive to keep the species moving on and we’re both looking for the right person to assist us in that effort.

CORT: This is where I come in. Or, my female equivalent. The female brain, unlike the male brain, wants to produce the highest quality result.

BOBBY: Quality versus quantity.

BRAIN: Yes… Her pre-frontal cortex is constantly making judgments based on a variety of variables in the choice of a partner. The male brain, on the other hand, is concerned only with shape and size.

AMYGDALA: And the more shape and size … the better.

BOBBY: So… for me to meet a woman with whom I can have a relationship that doesn’t collapse somewhere around… “hello”…

CORT: You have to find a woman who is willing to overlook your many obvious shortcomings.

AMYGDALA: Hey… Hold on there… There’s nothing short …

CORT: I was referring to personal attributes, not….

AMYGDALA: Okay… As long as we understand that.

CORT: As a matter of fact, the human race hasn’t survived because of Rep here or even Amygdala or even me for that matter.

BOBBY: It hasn’t?
BRAIN: Cort’s right. The human race has only survived because, from the beginning of time, the female of the species has…

BOBBY: Has what?

BRAIN: …Been willing to lower her standards.

BOBBY: So all I have to do is find a woman who is willing to love me for who I am.

CORT: That may be pushing it a bit.

BOBBY: Maybe I should just become a monk.

(Rep gets agitated)

AMYGDALA: Hey… Don’t even think that. (Consoles Rep)

BOBBY: What’s the point? Every relationship I have leads to…

(Bobby stops in mid-sentence as ALICE, young and beautiful enters followed by the three parts of her brain.

ALICE’S REPTILIAN is voluptuous and aggressive. She is dressed in heels, a very short skirt, sexy top, maybe chewing gum.

ALICE’S AMYGDALA is slim, sophisticated and dressed in something very slinky.

ALICE’S CORTEX (Courtney) is wearing a pant suit and glasses with her hair pulled back severely. She carries an iPad. The two groups face off against each other across the stage.)

(The two reptilians start to move toward each other grunting and making inappropriate gestures. Bobby holds back his reptilian. Alice holds back her reptilian.)

(The Amygdalas start circling one another.)

ALICE’S AMYGDALA: Well, hello.

AMYGDALA: Hello, yourself.

ALICE’S AMYGDALA: I’m Alice. What do they call you besides… “cute buns?”

AMYGDALA: Bobby.
ALICE: (to Alice’s Cortex) Courtney? Got that?

COURTNEY: Got it.

(Courtney types furiously on her iPad)

BOBBY: Cort?

CORT: Working on it.

(Cort types furiously on his computer.)

CORT: No history with anyone named Alice. You can lift anchor.

COURTNEY: Bobby is a go. The runway is clear.

ALICE’S AMYGDALA: So what do you… Bobby? (runs her finger down his chest)

AMYGDALA: I’m a photographer.

ALICE’S AMYGDALA: I’m a model.

BOBBY: (nervously) Cort? Wh…wh… what’s happening?

AMYGDALA: I like taking pictures of models.

ALICE’S AMYGDALA: I like being taken.

ALICE: (concerned) Courtney? What’s uh… what’s… going on?

(Rep and Alice’s Reptilian, who have been grunting at each other this whole time, break free, rush at each other, jump into each other’s arms and go at it. If possible, Alice’s Reptilian lifts Rep into her arms and carries him. Otherwise, he carries her off.)

BOBBY: Rep… Wait… Hold on.

ALICE: (to her reptilian) No… No… This isn’t the way it works.

ALICE’S AMYGDALA: Where are you from and why do I even care?

(Alice’s Amygdala grabs Bobby’s Amygdala and kisses him long and hard. He picks her up and carries her off)
(Cort types something into his computer)

BOBBY: (nervous) Cort.

(Turned on, Courtney begins furiously typing)

ALICE: (worried) Courtney.

BOBBY: (confused) Cort… What’s going on?

COURTNEY: (getting turned on) Oh my God.

(Cort reads his computer and starts to breathe heavily. He furiously types something back)

COURTNEY: (reading her screen, gets even more turned on) Yes… Yes… Yes…

(She furiously types something back. Cort reads his screen, loosens his tie and furiously types something back. Soon both of them are typing furiously and non-stop.)

ALICE: Courtney… Slow down…

BOBBY: Cort. Your circuits are overheating.

(Cort’s computer could start smoking at this point)

(Courtney lets her hair down. Cort rips off his jacket. They both throw away their eye glasses and rush into each other’s arms. They clumsily stumble off stage awkwardly trying to maintain the kiss.)

BOBBY: (looking around for help) What’s happening? (Alice moves closer) I don’t even know this girl… I don’t know anything about her.

ALICE: (breathlessly) I design clothing catalogues.

BOBBY: (Looks at his print out) Wrong answer.

ALICE: (moves closer) I’m from Boston.

BOBBY: (points to print out) See… See… New England is no no.

ALICE: (breathlessly) And I wear a size six and half shoe.

BOBBY: (shows her the print out) Right here. Nothing less than a seven.
(Brain sits down at the computer)

BRAIN: None of this makes any sense.

BOBBY: What do you mean, doesn’t make any sense? You’re the brain here. You’re supposed to know this stuff.

BRAIN: (studies computer screen) According to this, all the parameters in the algorithm have been overridden (studies the computer screen) … by something… called…

BOBBY: Called what?

BRAIN: Love.

BOBBY: Love?

BRAIN: You’re in love.

BOBBY: I’m in what??

BRAIN: In love… You’re both in love.

BOBBY: How can that be? What about the check list?

BRAIN: (studying the computer) Hold on. My only guess is that where love is involved, the check list… (Alice takes the print out from Bobby and tears it up) …isn’t worth the paper it’s printed on.

BOBBY: What am I supposed to do?

BRAIN: The only thing I can think of is…

(The heads of the Reptilians, Amygdalas and Cortexes pop in.)

BRAIN/REPTILIANS/AMYGDALAS/CORTEXES: Shut up and kiss the girl.

(As Bobby kisses Alice the lights fade.)

THE END

STAGING NOTES:

Rep should always be scanning the audience for women. Grunts and lusts a lot.

Amygdala is always preening and checking out the ladies.